TWELFTH YEAR.

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THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

How pleasant it seems to live on a farm, How pleasant it seems to live on a farm,
Where nature's so gaudity dressed.
And sit neath the shade of the old locust tree,
As the sun is just sinking to rest;
But not half so pleasant to hoe in the field
Where the witch grass is six inches high,
With the hot scorching sun pouring down on
your beok—
Seems each moment as though you would die.

Tis pleasant to sit in the cool porch door
While you smoke, half-reclined at your ease,
Looking out o'er your beautiful meadow of
grass
That sways to and fro in the breeze;
But not quite so pleasant to start with your
scytle
E'er the morning sun smilles o'er the land,
And work till your clothes are completely wet
through,
And blisters shall cover your hands,

In keeping a dairy there's surely delight,
And it speaks of contentment and plenty,
To see a large stable well filled with choice
cows.
Say numbering from fifteen to twenty;
And yet it seems hard when you've worked from
the dawn
Till the sun disappears from your sight,
To think of the cows you have got to milk
Before you retire for the night.

But, the task fairly over, you cheer up one And joyfully seek your repose.

To dream of the crem-pots with luxury filled And milk-pans in numberless rows. But the sweet dream is broken when early next day. You're politely requested to churn, And for three weary hours, with strength ebbing fast.

fast, The crank you despondingly turn. But in raising young pigs there is truly charm charm
When they sell at the present high price;
And of all the young stock which a farmer can

There's nothing that looks half so nice.

There's nothing that looks half so nice.

How cheerful one feels as he leaves them at night,
The encouraging lot of eleven.

But his joy slightly wanes when he goes out next day

And of live ones can count only seven.

But no one disputes that the farmer is blessed With true independence and labor. Whose food don't depend on the whims of man-kind,

kind,
Like that of his mercantile neighbor,
For God in His mercy tooks down from above
And paternally gives him his bread,
Provided he works eighteen hours every day
And devotes only six to his bed.

—New England Homestead.

A TRAGIC ENDING.

A. H. MODRICKER.

I happened to drop into the office one morning, more by accident than any-thing else, for I had no particular call just then, when I was thus saluted by my chief:
"I say, Herron, I've just received a

telegram which informs me that 'your man, Karl Krafton, has been 'spotted' at Chicago. Of course you will go there at once, I suppose?"

"Mind your eye if you go cruising around M—— street by night," my chief advised. "I was never there but once, and though it may be the most honest place in the universe, it struck me as being the reverse. Don't let any Chicago sharper get the best of you, tricts of New York. Shake all the hayseed out of your hair before you land."

change of a few remarks they separated, and Krafton entered the house.

Anxious not to lose wight

I smiled at his attempt at pleasantry, and then made my preparations for the journey. I had little to do, and in due I reached the depot, took the train, and began my journey by rail.

The reader will here, perhaps, won-der why I did not notify the authorities at Chicago. I could have done so had I so desired, but I most desired to have the satisfaction of arresting him myself -because, nearly five years ago, as I stood beside the body of poor Burt Balfour, as he lay cold in the icy embrace of death, while beside him knelt his wife and a fair-haired little girl, whom Karl Krafton had made a widow and an orphan, I registered in my own mind a key-hole. mn oath to avenge my comrade's death by bringing his slayer to the gallows, cost what it might.

Burt Balfour was a brother detective here in the city of New York, and years of fellowship and association in the detective business had begot a firm friendship between us.

Burt and I had been for some time on the trail of Karl Krafton, a most skillful counterfeiter, and at one time confederate of the notorious firm of ers of United States bonds, of whom

Burt Balfour in the year '83 had at-tempted, single-handed and alone, the capture of Krafton, the counterfeiter, in an all-night dive here in the city, but Krafton, who was remarkably quick on the "draw" and, getting the "drop" on again, and with an evident last appeal Balfour, he sent a leaden messenger of to the murderer. death through his heart, instantly kill- "Karl Krafton,

Firm in my purpose, and true to the cath I had taken, I made it the one grand and ever present object of my life to strike Karl Krafton's track, and when I received the information from my chief that he had been spotted at Chi-cago, I sincerily hoped that I would have him in custody ere long.

My task was perhaps less difficult than it would have been, had I not known my man-I knew him to be unusually sharp, and realized that he must be in disguise, and under an assumed name, however, and my task would prove by no means an easy one.

I spent four weeks in a search of Chicago, but without any apparent success, until one day, at noon, as I sat be-neath a large tree in the Avenue Park one of those small cases in the desert of the city-watching the moving throng on the street beyond, when two men who were approaching from oppo-site directions, met at a little distance from me, and as the trunk of the tree concealed me from them, I obtained a good view of their faces, while I was I could scarcely repress a cry of exultation, for one of the men was the assassin, Karl Krafton.

Fate had thrown him in my way. Our paths had crossed once more. I could, perhaps have arrested him then and there had I been so disposed,

but there would have been a certain risk to run; I would undertake no risk whatever. Krafton, the assassin, and the man

whom he had met were both powerful fellows. Had I rushed upon them, their united efforts might have defeated

determined to track "my man," and capture him in a quiet way, when

he could be taken by surprise. The men were evidently acquainted, A strange conversation followed be tween them:

"Did you place the 'fly cop?" asked my man. "Yes."

"Is the coast clear for to-morrow ight, Hank?"

"Yes, everything is O. K."
"Did he 'twig?'"

"Anything new?"

With the exchange of these remarks,

they entered an underground den on street, where the crooked classes of both sexes congregated, and when near the hour of midnight, they left the den accompanied by another man. Finally they stopped before a mag-

the door. To my joy it opened to my

touch, revealing a wide stairway, up which I heard the sound of steps. I moved on in pursuit, one hand ly-ing against the butt of a revolver, for I resolved not to be caught napping. one flight of stairs, down a wide hall for a long distance, then he halted, and I heard a key grate in a lock. Then a ayself door was opened and closed. Again as I the grating of a key, and then I leaned against a locked door, shut out effectu ally from Krafton, the assassin, whom I had so long and persistently followed. Was I to be baffled now? Quietly I knelt down and applied my eye to the

> A light gleamed within, but the oper ing partially filled by the key was so small I was unable to distinguish objects only as they passed directly in front of the spot.

The murmur of voices at once arrested my attention, and, placing my ear to the key-hole, I was able to hear every word uttered in the room, ugh the occupants were invisible.

"No whining, Cora! I tell you once for all, that I will have nothing further "Dunfee & McGraw." the counterfeit- to do with you. If that cursed de tective is on my track again it is youeverybody knows, before I finally ran you jade, who has put him there!

It was the man's voice tuned to harsh key that first met my hearing. "Oh, my God!"

It was a pitiful wail, but it failed to touch the heart of the base deceiver. "Karl Krafton, I remind you of the

ABRI Arafton made good his escape, and, although I devoted every effort to the task of tracing him, up to the time of which I write he still baffled me and his trail was a hidden one ing one of the bravest and truest men I | fact that you would have been behind | CARRIED OUT HIS INSTRUC-

"Take that, you jade!" My blood was on fire then, for I knew that the villain had laid his hand in

violence on the poor girl. "Oh, Karl!" An oath that was fiendish in its mockery of a woman's suffering followed the wail of despair.

"Come near me again, jade, and I will hand you over to the police. If you haven't any money, go to the almshouse or hospital. I wash my hands of you from this time forth!"

Then a key grated in a lock. As the door swung open, I rose to my

"Mr. Krafton, I've got you now," muttered, grimly. But I was mistaken.

Even as the door opened a lurid flash filled my eyes, followed by a stunning report, and Karl Krafton, the slayer of Burt Balfour, fell to the floor with a bullet in his brain.

I stood there, in the glow of the lamp, confronting the murderess.
"Back!" she screamed, as I advanced a step into the room. "Don't attempt to arrest me, as it won't avail you. He is dead—I shot him. He was a villian,

but I loved him, neverthe-" "Madam-"Back! Don't touch me, I shall join him on the other side. Good-bye, vain,

unfeeling world, good-bye, forever!"
I sprang quickly forward, but I was too late. A bullet went crashing through the breast of the girl, and she sank to the floor. No use for me to follow the trail further, it had come to a most tragic ending.

To the inundate residents of the to attempt to prove that our water supply is becoming less and less year by year. There is, however, evidence that the amount of water on the surface of the earth has been steadily diminishing for many thousands of years. No one doubts that there was a time when the Caspian Sea communicated with the Black Sea and when the Mediterranean covered the greater part of the Desert of Sahara. In fact, geologists tell us that at one time the whole of the earth was covered by water many fathoms

It is noticeable that rivers and brooks are visibly smaller now than twenty-five years ago. Country brooks in which men now living were accustomed to fish and bathe in their boyhood have in many cases totally disappeared in consequence of the failure of springs and rains which once fed them. The level of the great lakes is falling year by year. There are many piers on the shores of lakeside cities which vessels could once approach with ease, but which now reach the water's edge. Harbor surveyors will tell you that other harbors are shallower than they were even a decade ago. This is not due to the gradual deposit of earth brought down by rivers, as some may suppose, nor to the refuse from city sewers. The harbor of Toronto has almost ceased to be of use, despite the fact that it has been dredged out to the permanent bottom rock. All the dredging that can be done in

New York harbor has failed perma-nently to deepen it. The growing shallowness of the Hudson River is noticeable, and, like the outlet of Lake Champlain, which was once navigated by Indian canoes at all seasons, the upper Hudson is now al-most bear of water during the summer. The Des Moines River, in Iowa, once navigated to the mouth of the Raccoon Fork, the present site of the city of Des Moines, will now hardly float a fisherman's rowboat; the steamboat has not prowed its bosom for over a quarter of a century. In all parts of the world there is the same decrease in the waters of rivers and lakes

If this state of affairs continues a few hundred centuries, the water question will be of more interest than that of

Poverry is no disgrace to the in-dustrious, but it is hardly a gilt-edge testimonial of ability.-Puck. THE word "its" only occurs once the whole of the Bible

down in Tennessee. Old man Stevens, of Sumner County, argued that wearing thin clothes in the summer was wrong, declaring that what would keep out cold would keep out heat. This belief took so strong a hold upon him that he had a heavy, closely-fitting blanket overcoat made for himself, and put it on early last spring just as he be-gan to break up corn land. The neigh-bors laughed at him as he passed along the road, but he shook his head sagely, and answered that all great reformers

had brought ridicule upon themselves. "Well, Stevens, how are you getting along?" a friend asked, stopping his horse at the fence and addressing the reformer.

"First rate-couldn't be doing better than I am."

"Don't you find your blanket coat trifle heavy as the spring comes on?" "Not a bit of it; getting lighter and lighter every day. Wait till about the middle of June and all you fellers will wish you had followed my example. Why, I'd be uncomfortably warm, now,

if I had on a thin white shirt."
"I think your idea is wrong, Stevens.

In trying to keep the heat out, you keep the heat in."
"All right, old man. You come along here the first real hot day and you will

then see who's off." "Yes, and I reckon I'll see that thick

coat off. "All right, have your own way, but

you'll see when the time comes."

Every one that understoood Stevens stubborn nature knew that he would roast rather than acknowledge that he was wrong, and bets were made as to the length of time he could wear the incubator. One day in June, when the To the inundate residents of the sun was so hot that a turkey egg States of the lower Mississippi vallev it will, no doubt, seem like rankest folly number of the neighbors stopped in the shade near the field where Stevens was plowing. The old fellow was snorting and cursing his horse, and sometime would stop and seem to contemplate taking off the coat, but then appearing to fear that some of the neighbors might be watching him, he would snort out an oath and go ahead. Just as he was turning round at the end of a corn row, one of the neighbors yelled at

"How's the weather, Stevens?" "Ain't you fellers got nothing to do but set around in the shade?" he

velled. Yes, but we thought we'd come over and see how you and that coat were getting along." We are getting along all right."

"Don't you find it putty hot?"
"If it's hot I don't know it. I'm as cool as a cowcumber. "So you think you can stand that coat

all summer, do you?"
"I should think so, for the hotter it gits the cooler I am.'

He clucked to his horse and started back across the field. The neighbors looked at one another in astonishment. They had begun to think that the old fellow was right; but when they had waited nearly an hour for him to come back, so they could make an acknowledgment, some one suggested that they'd better go down to the other end of the field and see what had become of him. They found him lying in the edge

"What's the matter, Stevens?"
"Is that you, Bill?" the old man "Yes, what's the matter? Are you sick?

"Bill, go right down the turn row about thirty yards and you'll find an axe. "But what do you want with an axe?"

"Wall, you go down there and get "What must I do with it after I do

get it?"
"Fetch it back here and knock me in the head, that's what. Go on, now, or I'll make you pay that note when it falls Bill got the exe, and although the neighbors protested, he "knocked" the old man "in the head" as directed. It

is thought that the case may be investigated by the courts. THE thoughtful cook puts granulated sugar on the berries when she hasn't time to wash the sand off, them .- AshFun Had by Practical Jokers at a Deer-Shooting Camp.

"I think the most laughable thing that I ever saw in my life happened once about two years ago, while I was up on the peninsula deer shooting. You have heard me speak of Arthur F——, who lives in Chicago? Well, when there is a practical joke on tap Art is the biggest fish to bite that ever lived. I do believe he would bite if you told him two hours beforehand that you were going to play a joke on him. Jack and Bob Hutchings were with the party, and they are the greatest men to play jokes that I ever met. They are natural actors, to begin with, and can take in a situation at a moment's glance, so that sooner or later one is bound to suffer if thrown in with them for any length of

"It was our first night in camp and we had a rousing fire burning, while the boys were sitting around in all sorts of attitudes, chatting, singing, and telling stories. Arthur, being a new member of the crowd and never having been deer shooting before, rather held aloof in a peculiar modest way characteristic of him. He was sitting on a log, over and around which was a dense growth of some sort of creeping vines, and as he listened to the boys he would nervously draw his fingers through the leaves. Jack H- was sitting at a little distance olunking a banjo and humming softly to himself when he chanced to look over at Arthur, who was

contentedly playing with those leaves.

"To see the expression change on Jack's face was better than a circus, and we who knew him bettter saw that something was coming. His face took on a look of horror, and dropping the banjo he rushed over to Arthur, grabbed him by the neck and jerked him away from the log exclaiming the while, 'My God, man! do you know what you have done?'

"Poor Arthur was thunderstruck and turning as white as a sheet stammered:

" 'Why, that is poison ivy vo been handling and your life is in dan-

" 'What s-s-shall I do? what shall I do?' and the boy went charging back and forth wringing his hands, appealing first to one and then to another. 'To think,' he continued, 'that I should be poisoned 400 miles from home and no help for it! Oh! boys, must I die? Can't you do something for me?"

There is only one hope for you,' said Bob H--, 'you must grease your-

"'Grease myself! Oh! thanks, Bob; where is the grease?"

'On the wagon wheel,' suggested George Washington, the colored servant, and in less time than it takes to tell a wheel was taken off the wagon, while Arthur stripped off his shirt and commenced rubbing wagon grease on his face and hands. Then Jack rememface and hands. bered a bottle of nestsfoot oil in ammunition chest and inside of five minutes Arthur was standing before the fire one mass of grease, and while the filthy stuff trickled off his finger ends the boys began telling the most harrowing tales that their imagination could conceive about different unfortu-nate people who had been poisoned by

"We kept Arthur standing before that hot fire till 2 o'clock, expecting every moment to begin swelling up, but the swelling failed to make its appearance and finally Jack told such a horrible and improbable story that it dawned upon him all of a sudden that he had been sold. He was so glad to escape the poison that he forgot to get mad until he attempted to wash the wagon grease off his face and hands and the the air began to smoke scandalously."-Peck's Sun.

The Use of Arsenic.

The woman of ordinary intelligence ought to know without being told that arsenical toilet preparations are dan-gerous to the health, and yet not a gerous to the health, and yet not a week passes that I am not in receipt of letters, most of them showing thought and ability, asking me to recommend some cosmetic for the elimination of pimples, and requesting to be told if arsenic is as safe for an internal medicine as it is for a complexion wash. These correspondents know that arsenio is a deadly poison, and yet they talk about its use as if it were the simplest and safest drug in the world. Arsenical doses will put an end to pimples, and what is more, an end to the life of the person using them.—Eleanor Kirk,

STUFF AND NONSENSE

An early settler-A cocktail. FREE of Charge-An empty shot-

"Love Laughslat Locksmiths!"—Yes; not at wedlock though.

THE expenses of an electric company may be summed up as current ex-

"Is your sweetheart a tailor-made girl?" "No, she's quite domestic; in short, home maid."

"A BLASTED life," as the laborer remarked when he struck the dynamite cartridge in mistake.

THERE are some things a woman can do as well as a man, but scratching a match isn't one of them.

What a vast difference it makes with the average man whether he picks up a carpet tack with his fingers or his

HABRY (with his arm around her waist)—What a dear, kind girl you are. Maud—A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. Miss Willing of New York denies

that she is going to marry young John Jacob Astor. She may be Willing, but the inference is that he never Astor. Horel Guest-Now you are sure this bed is quite clean? Bell Boy-Yes sir,

the sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel 'em; they ain't dry yet. JUDGE-As you have been convicted of the crime with which you were charged, I now proceed to pass sen-tence. Criminal—Cut it short Judge,

"So Jones took water in his address last night!" "Aha! I thought he'd back down!" "Yes, the papers state that 'large portions of his speech were drowned in cheers."

LITTLE Girl (during a thunder-storm) -Mamma, do they have music in leaven? "Yes, my dear." Little Heaven? Girl-Well, I guess Wagner must be leading the orchestra.

what is nec Accident insurance? A technical term, my son, signifying that when you meet with a mishap it will be an accident if you get any insurance.

DE SMITH-Don't you think Miss Jinks has a very bright expression on her face? Jones-I can't say that her face is very bright, but there is no doubt about her being lantern jawed. Anxious Mother-Don't you know

that George Washington never, never told a lie? Sinful Boy-Maybe his mamma didn't care how much cakes and jam he took, and he wasn't 'fraid to tell her.

A LITTLE boy carrying some eggs home from the shop dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow; "but I guess the shells came off some of 'em. LADY DE PRIMBOSE-What do you think of the new duchess? Mrs. Nor-mandy—Oh, she's a perfect phonograph!

Lady de Primrose—I don't understand. What do you mean? Mrs. Normandy -Well, you see, she speaks without thinking. "I WONDER if Mr. Goodkatch will come this evening?" said Susie to her father. "I hope not," replied her father. "Why, father, what can you

mean? "I am not prepared to return that money I borrowed of him yet. I want a few days more. Miss DePuysen-Did you hear of my maid Mary's fall? Van Dump-In

love? Miss DePuyser-No; she fell down stairs and broke the chandelier in the fall, a pot of flowers and-the horrid thing the handle of my new parasol. Van Dump-Anything else? Miss De Puyser-Let me see-Oh, yes,

Mr. Johnsing-Pse feeling mighty bad. I reckon you had better make me some sassyfrass tea." Mrs. Johnsing— If you feels so bad maybe I had better run quick for de doctor. Mr. Johnsing —What yer want ter run for de doctor for? What yer want ter hurry me inter me grabe datter way for? Kaint yer let me die slow?

According to naturalists, a scorpion will produce 65 young, a common fly will lay 144 eggs, a leech 150, a spider 170, a frog 1,100. A female moth will produce 1,100 egg, and a tortoise 1,000; a gall insect has laid 50,000 eggs, a shrimp 6,000. One naturalist found over 12,000 eggs in a lobster, another, 21,000. Leuwenheek computes 4,000, 000 as the crab's share.